

CHOPPING WATER

(after Ikkyū)

poetry's hellish bullshit
one silent tinkling bell
uncaring spring
old leafless tree
until we met
forest like the infinite fresh
green distances of your blindness
a straw raincoat strolls by rivers and lakes
her exquisite face, its moist sexual heat
shines
clear, beautiful, nudged by the wind, it hangs over the polished
railing
shapeless weightless
at the foot of a
huge mountain

sparrows twitter
in a field dyed violet
morning glories, safflowers,
chrysanthemums, asters
autumn flowering
stream flows through, the wind sweeps over
green, green willow
wonderfully red flower
melons, eggplants, rice
ladles, baskets, useless donations

White dewdrops gather
On scarlet maple leaves,
Regard the scarlet beads
Color, fragrance gone,
Yet already on the bough
Green buds burst
And blossom
Wind blowing through pines